

RESIGNATION EPISODE 4

BLUE SCRIPT V 7.0 - SEPT 10, 2023

By THE MAD ONES

EXTREME CLOSE UP on JORDI LOPARDO's face, a pleasant blue sky behind him. His brows are furrowed.

JORDI

Three words to describe how the business is going? Hm. Well I guess I'd have to go with... "dope," "upward momentum," and "synergy."

Jordi is talking to a HEADSTONE. It reads: "Lorraine Lopardo, 1931-2018."

REVEAL: Jordi is wearing a full size teddy bear costume.

JORDI (CONT'D)

Aww thanks, Nonna. Yeah, seriously no regrets. Taskrabbitt's been good to me, but now I'm ready to level up. It's all gonna pay off big, you know?

Headstone doesn't say anything.

JORDI (CONT'D)

I mean, no entrepreneur expects OVERNIGHT success, but...

Headstone does nothing.

JORDI (CONT'D)

Seriously, Nonna, I'm on the cups! The cups of my next big thing. After my second gig today, everything will change. You'll see.

Headstone is still silent.

JORDI (CONT'D)

You stay out of it Mrs. Johnson.

Swing to a neighboring headstone, which looks judgy.

JORDI (CONT'D)

But if you must know, Yes, I do think this time will be different. I'm getting off the hamster wheel.

Though even Nonna's headstone looks skeptical. Jordi's bear costume isn't helping his case (or metaphor).

JORDI (CONT'D)

I have good ideas and I'm willing to do the work. I've been putting in the hours since I was 14.

(convincing himself)

That's got to count for something, right? I mean, I can't just be a kid with big dreams forever. I gotta be a man living those big dreams.

(beat)

Ok, I've gotta go. See you soon.

Headstone wants to, but can't, give Jordi a hug.

JORDI (CONT'D)

I miss you, too, Nonna. Every day.

Jordi puts on the teddy bear head and goes on his way.

# **OPENING CREDITS - OVER DOUCHEY SHANE PODCAST VIDEO**

2

INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

2

DANI is asleep at the coffee line. An ANNOYED CUSTOMER clears their throat loud enough to jar Dani awake.

Dani moves up the line to the counter. ALLI, the barista, smiles at Dani. Dani smiles back, but mid-smile nods out.

ALLI

Dani, you all right?

DANI

Yeah.

(then)

I have like a hundred articles to write today, but I've pulled two all- nighters in a row.

Dani closes her eyes.

DANI (CONT'D)

(eyes still closed)

Just for a second.

ALLI

Dani, I think it's time to go for the strong stuff.

Dani opens her eyes wide, as if waking from a nightmare.

DANI  
Oh I can't!  
(then)  
Or can I? I don't follow those  
rules anymore.

ALLI  
It's like having 10,000 spoons when  
all you need is some caffeine.

A quizzical look from Dani.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
You know what'll help you wake up?

Quick C/Us of coffee being poured, espresso machine steaming,  
some sort of "wake up and smell the coffee" sign.

DANI  
Coffee!

ALLI  
Bingo! Want a taste?

Alli pours Dani a little sample of a light drip coffee.

Dani bravely takes a sip. Yuck! She almost spits it out.

DANI  
Does all coffee taste this... bad?!

ALLI  
If you think that's bitter,  
everything else is gonna taste like  
that other Alanis song. Oh wait!

Alli rubs her hands together.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
What about coffee that has  
chocolate in it?

DANI  
Ooh! That's a thing?!

ALLI  
Oh yeah. Have a seat my jagged  
little pill. Your remedy is on the  
way.

Dani yawns and heads to...

# THE FLOTILLA OF TABLES

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON: A portion of a document inside of a manila folder. The part of the page we can see reads:

Spousal Visa Verification, Part 2-B

[ ] Provide evidence that marriage is consummated

Which CARTER is furtively looking at underneath the table. He looks over to PRIUS, who sits across the flotilla from him. Prius glances at JORDI, who's also there. His bear costume is draped over his chair.

CARTER

This is really a potato, potahto kind of thing.

PRIUS

It's straight up potahto.

JORDI

So this is about potatoes? That makes more sense now. I think.

Prius holds up her phone, which has the word "consummate" on it. (Google dictionary or smth.)

PRIUS

Jordi, use this word in a sentence.

JORDI

Ok. Ahem. Shane Constantine is a CONSUMMATE entrepreneur.

Carter points a celebratory finger in Prius's face.

CARTER

Told you! Consummate means "prove you're the best."

Prius groans. Dani has no idea what's going on. She sits.

PRIUS

Dani, please explain to these dum dums the verb definition of "consummate." As in to "consummate a marriage?"

DANI

(yawning)

Er... find out how good at sex you are with each other?

PRIUS

That's—

(wasn't expecting that)  
we're gonna have to dig into that  
later. But close enough. See guys?  
Verb. To "Consume a marriage"  
means to seal the deal. Sexually.

CARTER

OR it means to prove that you have  
the best marriage. You get to pick.  
Sex proof OR success proof.

PRIUS

It's the verb!

DANI

Then it's the first one.

JORDI

In that case, my parents  
consummated (pronounces it like the  
adjective) just the one time in the  
back of a Dave and Busters.

CARTER

You can't be the only one with that  
origin story, Bud. Where there's a  
wet bar in wonderland there's  
consummating.

Before Prius can point out that he used the word right, Alli  
saunters over to the table.

ALLI

What's all this fun talk about  
consummating?

CARTER

It's from a movie plot!

PRIUS

It's for a client!

Everyone clocks that that was awkward, but they move on when  
Alli hands Dani a drink as if she were handing her the Holy  
Grail.

ALLI

Dani. This is a mocha.

Oooooohs from Dani's friends. They've been waiting for this.

CARTER

Ah yes. The "just the tip" of  
coffee.

Alli giggles at Carter. Prius is grossed out.

ALLI  
(composing herself)  
And cuz it's your first time, this  
one's on the house.

Dani leans in and smells it. It smells so good! Dani takes a sip. She smiles and takes a bigger sip.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
You popped your coffee cherry! Yay!

But then Alli doesn't live. Prius and Carter look at her.

PRIUS  
No need to stick around and cuddle  
after a cherry popping, right?

CARTER  
With coffee, I think it's okay to  
love 'em and leave 'em.

ALLI  
Right! Love 'em and... leave. Ah.

Alli shuffles away, a bit pathetic.

Dani takes another sip.

JORDI  
Congrats on graduating to coffee!  
The consummate beverage.

Prius rolls her eyes.

Dani's laptop DINGS. She quickly investigates.

DANI  
Something weird's going on with one  
of my clients. I'm supposed to  
write a bunch of posts for his  
health site...  
(reads)  
...but the guy who hired me sounds  
like a totally different person  
than whoever wrote the brief. He's  
being really pushy too.

Prius leans over to see Dani's screen. In a chat box, a message says "u writing blog Danny? time for deadline is 15:00 today or else"

PRIUS

This guy texts like a drug dealer.  
Bring up his profile?

Dani pulls up the profile of the person Dani is chatting with. The bio says "I am the BOB JOHNSON, from California, United State" and the photo is clearly a stock photo.

PRIUS (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I think you're being  
middlemanned.

DANI

Middlemanned?

JORDI

Like the meat in a threesome.

CARTER

Do you envision threesomes as  
sandwiches?

PRIUS

(to Dani)

Freelance Rule #14: whenever  
possible, work directly with the  
client. The fewer parties between  
you, the more money you make.

DANI

It would be really nice to make  
more than \$25 a post.

Dani yawns again. She gets cozy in her chair. Maybe she can  
just drift off...

CARTER

Dani! You will literally die if you  
keep doing that.

PRIUS

Dani, you have to get on top of  
this. And drink more of that.

Dani takes a few big gulps of mocha, then does an eye-twitch.  
The caffeine is starting to hit.

DANI

Ok, Bob Johnson  
(shakes finger at screen)  
IF THAT'S EVEN YOUR REAL NAME!  
You're about to get un-  
middlemanned. By me! Imma get to  
the bottom of this



JORDI  
Like a power bottom!

DANI  
Yes!

CARTER  
Not at all.

JORDI  
Like Shane Fucking Constantine.

PRIUS  
Why do you keep bringing up that  
douchelagoon?

CARTER  
Is he a power bottom?

JORDI  
I have an announcement, my  
consummate friends!. Today, I  
perform my last and final  
Taskrabbit gig. And it is for none  
other than Top Man, Shane  
Constantine himself.

Dani winces at the mention of Shane.

CARTER  
Oh shit. How?

JORDI  
You know how you can tip your  
Taskrabbit after they do a good job  
for you? Well I found Shane's  
employer profile and tipped *him*.

PRIUS  
Ok, Dani for the record that is not  
good freelancing strategy.

JORDI  
Or is it? Shane has now hired me to  
help with  
(checks phone)  
A beta test for a secret new  
product! And after I crush the gig,  
I'm gonna pitch him on mentoring me  
as an entrepreneur, and then I'm  
moving on from Taskrabbit. My  
dreams are coming true!

DANI

Ugh. That is my nightmare.

CARTER

Flesh eating bacteria on my family jewels is mine.

PRIUS

The term family jewels is my nightmare. Jordi, this plan is delusional.

JORDI

I promise to remember you guys when I'm as rich as Cuban. Mark Cuban.

CARTER

We support you Jordi. Go kill it for Captain Douche Faucet. Come back with a suitcase of money!

Carter holds a fist bump out for Jordi as Jordi peaces out.

Dani waves goodbye, then clicks her laptop trackpad. She takes a deliberate swig of mocha, then gets SERIOUS.

DANI

I'm gonna get Bob Johnson to cough up some info.

She stalks away from the table while punching a number into her phone.

Now that they're alone, Carter and Prius get conspiratorial.

Carter pulls the manila folder out from under the table.

CARTER

Well how the shit are we supposed to prove this to immigration?

PRIUS

How does anyone prove they had sex?

CARTER

STDs.

PRIUS

Ew. No, Clapasaurus. A sex tape.

CARTER

We can't make a sex tape, Chlymidion.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

That ship sailed back in Freshman year after I witnessed you clip your toenails at a Jimmy John's. Then it sailed again when you ate that block of cheese like it was a burrito.

PRIUS

That's why you think we haven't—? Not because we're best friends or: I don't bang dudes?

CARTER

Touche. But it was American cheese! It wasn't even Cheddar!

PRIUS

Obviously we're not actually going to consummate this sham marriage. You're a director. Do some trick photography.

CARTER

What do you have in mind?

PRIUS

Remember horsemanning?

CUT TO:

3 INT. CARTER'S STUDIO - FLASHBACK

3

A WOMAN in lingerie is bent over a dumpy couch. Her head is covered by a blanket. Prius's head is sticking up from behind the couch, kind of near where the woman's head should be, but obviously wrong. Carter, wearing a silky kimono, approaches the lingerie woman from behind.

PRIUS

(half-heartedly)

Ooh baby, give it to me.

CUT TO:

4 INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

4

Back to Prius and Carter. Carter is not impressed.

CARTER

I can give you Avatar and you ask for horsemanning.

PRIUS

Yeah, I don't think it's going to work.

CARTER

Definitely not. I don't have the right lens for that anyway.

Dani trots over, phone in hand. She can't stand still.

DANI

Do you guys know what time zone Moldova is?

They don't.

DANI (CONT'D)

(talking really fast)

Also, you guys drink coffee, do you feel like you're a super human with loads of energy who can say a lot things really really fast?

(before they can respond)

And also has to pee really, really bad.

Dani runs to the bathroom.

5

EXT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE, WEST LOOP - DAY

5

Jordi rolls up to the nondescript door.

DOORBELL POV: A Busta-rhymes music video style lens with a Terminator-like AR overlay detects Jordi's face in a box.

A pop up reads: 90% chance: Human. 10% chance: Ellen DeGeneres.

Jordi putters around, the box following his face, and then behind Jordi enters his nemesis, Ariana, aka NEMESIS ARI), early 20s, assertive, someone you could imagine pushing Jordi around in the playground when they were kids.

The box finds Nemesis Ari.

A second pop up switches between: 50% chance: Human and 50% chance: Human Shit.

NEMESIS ARI

What's cracking pencil dick?

JORDI

Of all days. How are you on this gig too?

NEMESIS ARI

New profile picture gets me all the gigs.

Ari flashes her Taskrabbit profile to Jordi. Her profile pic is Margot Robbie.

JORDI

Do you really think you're fooling anyone, let alone Shane Constantine?

NEMESIS ARI

I fooled your Dad last night. Ask him. Oh wait, you don't know your Dad. But I do. Intimately.

Ari licks her lips all gross like.

JORDI

You're a virus. Herpes virus.

NEMESIS ARI

I'm gonna humiliate you til you die, so yeah.

JORDI

I hope you get kidnapped.

Ari gets all up in Jordi's face.

NEMESIS ARI

I hope you get my herpes.

Jordi backs down.

JORDI

You know what, no. I'm not doing this. Today's too important to get caught up in your gross web of... grossness!

NEMESIS ARI

Fun fact. I was born with webbed toes.

Jordi shakes his head and goes to the door. Ari is close behind.

NEMESIS ARI (CONT'D)  
 (motions to door)  
 Well now that I know today's  
 important to you, I'm gonna take  
 extra joy in ruining it, Tinytits.

JORDI  
 Whatever. I've got a client to  
 impress.

Jordi opens the door.

NEMESIS ARI  
 No, I've got a client to impress.

They both try to be the first ones in.

6 INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

6

Dani paces next to the table flotilla, looking pretty cracked out, glancing down at her laptop on the table from time to time as she vents to Carter and Prius.

DANI  
 So "Bob Johnson" got the gig from  
 someone named Mikita in Moldova.  
 "Bob" gave me Mikita's number.  
 (checks phone)  
 He deserves to know he's being  
 effed over... How do I say that in  
 a nice way...

Dani zeroes in on Carter's half-drunk iced Americano and snatches it, chugs it.

CARTER  
 I was still-- nevermind.

Dani winces, then looks like Mario just hit a power-up.

DANI  
 I'm calling him!  
 (then)  
 Carter I'll pay you for your  
 coffee, I swear I'm good for it.

Dani dials her phone and waits for it to ring. She paces while on the phone—coming close and then further away from them.

They talk while she's in her away position.

CARTER

What if you coded up some sort of  
deepfake sex tape?

PRIUS

(sarcastic voice)

Yeah Prius just code up a sex tape.

(a thought occurs)

Wait! We could use generative AI.

She starts clicking and typing.

CARTER

That's what I'm talking about.

We rack focus to behind them, where Dani is pacing, on the phone. She gesticulates dramatically with her other hand.

DANI

Wait? So who hired YOU?

Focus back on Carter and Prius's table. Prius hits the return key on her laptop. She swivels the computer so Carter can see it.

CLOSE ON: Prius's screen, which has an input box with this written in it:

"A realistic but tasteful sex scene of Prius Chau and Carter Cienfuegos. No visible genitalia."

A loading icon spins for a second, then an image of a mess of colors appears. The loading icon spins some more, and the mess of colors resolves into a full picture.

The picture is of a Toyota Prius being fucked from behind by the body of a muscly porn star man with a professional headshot of Carter badly photoshopped on top of it.

PRIUS

Oh my god.

CARTER

Is that my LinkedIn photo?

The picture further resolves to include a romantic beach view behind the scene, and the car gets a vanity license plate that says "CHAU".

A frazzled Dani runs back over. Prius closes her laptop.

DANI

Can you believe this? Mikita is  
being outsourced to, too! Too to...

(MORE)

DANI (CONT'D)

two? How much is the real client  
paying for ME to write this post?

7

INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - COAT ROOM - DAY

7

We're in a small coat room with warm, soft light and Japanese paper doors at the back. There are coat racks on both sides.

Nemesis Ari stands behind a table with a draped cloth over it. On the table are a bunch of bottles of MANSHAKE. Jordi rearranges them so they're in a champagne tower. Ari is about to knock them down when--

Shane enters through the paper doors with major flair. He's slightly oiled and wears a flowy kimono.

Jordi is starstruck in the presence of his hero! Ari is also taken with Shane, but more cuz she thinks he's hot.

SHANE

Taskrabbits, listen up. Like I said  
in the job post, this is an  
important, secret beta test.  
(beat)  
Slash orgy.

NEMESIS ARI

Yesss!

Shane does a double take. Ari is not quite Margot Robbie.

NEMESIS ARI (CONT'D)

And we're part of it?!

SHANE

You? Definitely not. But you are  
part of the orgy of opportunity  
that is whatever Taskrabbit's  
paying you after their fee for  
being my coat check whores. People  
don't realize how important a coat  
check is at an orgy.

JORDI

(nervous)

Mr. Constantine, I'm honored that  
you'd, uh-honor me--

NEMESIS ARI

Mr. Constantine, I am more honored  
than this human scrotum--



JORDI  
—with an important job.

NEMESIS ARI  
—to be your coat check whore.

SHANE  
Of course you are. You're commoners  
in the presence of greatness.

JORDI  
Like you, Greatness is what I  
strive for—

|                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| JORDI (CONT'D)                 | NEMESIS ARI                   |
| At every gig. Which is why I,  | (a second behind Jordi)       |
| I would like to ask if maybe-- | At every gig. Which is why I, |
|                                | I would like to ask--         |

SHANE  
This is not a time for questions!  
It's a time for instruction. Once  
you've taken my guest's clothes,  
give them a ticket and a bottle of  
Manshake. I'll be back at the end  
so we can talk—

JORDI  
Oh I'd love to talk to you about—

NEMESIS ARI  
I would love to talk—

SHANE  
—about the jizz cleanup procedure.

Jordi and Nemesis Ari both clam up at that.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Til then, Rule Numero Uno: Do not  
leave your post. I'm expecting a  
guest of honor. You'll know who he  
is.

JORDI  
(salutes)  
Oh captain my captain.

NEMESIS ARI  
(salutes harder)  
Oh edgelord my edgelord.

SHANE

Enough! Rule Numero Dos is really an offshoot of Uno: you are not to go through those doors. No matter what.

NEMESIS ARI

Where's the bathroom?

SHANE

Through those doors.

NEMESIS ARI

What if we have to pee?

SHANE

Pee on each other. I don't care. My manscaper awaits. Adieu, bunnies.

Shane leaves through the sliding paper doors.

Nemesis Ari flashes Jordi a devilish look. Jordi cringes. Ari all of a sudden Ari is chugging a huge container of water.

8

INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

8

Dani is at the coffee bar, crashing hard.

C/U on the coffee bar. A HAND places a paper cup of coffee with the word "mocha" scribbled in marker on the side.

Dani grabs the mocha and lurches back toward her table, throwing back gulps of mocha.

The coffee shop suddenly looks like the movie Crank. Dani is Statham after the adrenaline shot. She's BUZZING.

The whole world sounds like dubstep. Patrons scatter out of Dani's way as she surges forward. At the gang's table, we see a whiteboard has been wheeled in. On it are FBI/stalker style scribbles—a mindmap of lines and circles.

Dani attacks the board with a marker while gulping more mocha. Her Crank reverie is broken by—

ALLI

Oh my god what is that?

Dani turns to Alli, looking crazy like Charlie Day.

DANI

So I thought that Mikita was the end of the line, but it turns out  
(MORE)

DANI (CONT'D)

(traces the diagram)  
 that HE was being outsourced by an  
 agency in Romania. I managed to  
 trace the contract to Shenzen  
 (traces a line to the word  
 CHINA, underlines it)  
 which in turn took me to the  
 British Virgin Islands  
 (traces another line to a  
 ? mark in the center of  
 the chart)  
 Which I have reason to believe is  
 one degree away from  
 (draws frantic circles  
 around the ? Mark)  
 Client Zero!

Dani ventilates heavily.

ALLI

(trying to calm Dani down)  
 Yeah, Okay. Cool, coooolll. But  
 what I meant was, what is THAT?

Alli points to the back side of the whiteboard, where we now reveal that Carter and Prius have their own equally insane diagram. This one has stick figures in weird sex positions, with circles and arrows pointing all over.

CARTER

(drawing while talking to  
 Prius)  
 Now if we position this mirror just  
 right, the audience will THINK  
 they're seeing the consummation.  
 (draws a dotted line)  
 Meanwhile my eyeline will be on the  
 naked hot chick—

PRIUS

But I want to be looking at the  
 naked hot chick!

They realize that Dani and Alli are gaping at them.

CARTER

It's for a client.

ALLI

Have you hired a naked hot chick  
 yet?

They look at her, she's being super awkward at being flirty and sexy. They turn back to their diagram.

PRIUS

I say: back to the drawing board.

CARTER

Yeah these angles are all wrong.

9

INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - COAT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

9

C/U: A mesh tank top lands on Jordi's head, followed by a Mexican poncho. Followed by fireman pants.

Jordi stands at the coat check, arms full of clothing. Music is now BUMPING. A string of ORGY-GOERS (about 3/4 are men) files by, tossing clothing at Jordi, then accepting bottles of Manshake from Ari.

Jordi is focused. Ari keeps making lewd gestures at the guests.

After they're gone, Jordi starts hanging clothes on hangers.

Behind the paper doors we see silhouettes of orgy goers in various positions.

JORDI

(rehearsing to himself)

Shane, can I be your apprentice?

NEMESIS ARI

At least lube a wizard up before  
shoving a cockfull of your dreams  
in his butt.

JORDI

You're the most horrible person I  
know.

NEMESIS ARI

Thanks!

JORDI

But you're right. I should work up  
to it.

(back to rehearsing)

Shane! As your executive assistant,  
I'll make you feel like a million  
bucks.

NEMESIS ARI

(mocking Jordi while  
examining a bottle of  
Manshake)

(MORE)

NEMESIS ARI (CONT'D)

Shane, can I please be your  
personal fluffer?

Ari opens the bottle.

NEMESIS ARI (CONT'D)

While you're busy aiming for the  
gutter, I'm gonna pitch Shane on  
investing in my business.

JORDI

You can't pitch Shane because I'm  
pitching Shane.

NEMESIS ARI

He won't be able to resist Tankinis  
for Tank Gurrlls.

She takes a swig of Mansshake.

NEMESIS ARI (CONT'D)

Yummy!

Ari lets out a huge burp.

JORDI

You're worse than 15 year old boy.

The Japanese doors slide open dramatically letting in MOANING  
SOUNDS from the orgy. Shane comes in and closes the doors  
quickly.

SHANE

Oh no no no. There are no 15 year  
old boys here. Everyone's of legal  
age. I run a tight orgy!

JORDI

Of course you do, Commodore.

NEMESIS ARI

I'm of legal age.

SHANE

No one cares.

Shane whips his silky kimono off. He's wearing a Brazil Flag  
Speedo. The kimono lands on both Ari and Jordi - they fight  
over it.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Where in the hell is Guzman? His  
jet should have landed by now.

Shane leaves through the sliding doors. Jordi and Ari continue to fight over the kimono.

The positions behind them through the paper doors are getting wilder and more acrobatic.

10

INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - LATER

10

Carter is erasing the diagram on the whiteboard.

Prius unzips one pocket of her backpack, while Carter's back is turned, and furtively grabs a couple of pills.

Dani's standing up, typing manically on her computer.

Barista Alli approaches with another mocha. Dani is yawning.

ALLI

You sure you want another? It's a lot for your first time.

DANI

Must stay awake...  
(eyes get heavy)  
Must find Client Zero.

ALLI

(a little concerned)  
Okay. Whatever you say.

11

INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - COAT ROOM - EVENING

11

Sweaty Orgy-Goers file out of Shane's party. There are only a few outfits left besides Shane's kimono. The Manshake is gone.

Shane comes through the sliding doors again. Sex sounds come through for a moment. There are less silhouettes in the background now, but they are doing CRAZY SHIT.

Jordi and Ari fight each other as each one tries to get to Shane's kimono first. They both drape the kimono over him.

SHANE

Now that was a successful beta test. You mere Taskrabbits can't even fathom how exciting this is.

NEMESIS ARI

We can certainly smell it.

SHANE

If Guzman shows up, tell him there are still a few stragglers left to bang.

JORDI

Mr. Constantine, while I have you here, I have been waiting a long time to pitch--

NEMESIS ARI

(interrupting)

You in investing in my Tankini startup!

JORDI

Oh no, Mr. Constantine. I would never—

Shane holds up a hand to stop them.

SHANE

I let you into my home. I invite you to my orgy. I pay a rather outrageous service charge on Taskrabbit and you pitch ME? On an idiotic idea to boot? Bad, bad bunny.

JORDI

No! That wasn't my. I'm so sorry, I actually wanted to talk to you about mentoring—

SHANE

Two things, pleb! One, I do not mentor. Two, if you oompa loompas think the road from this  
(points at them)  
To this  
(points at orgy)  
is supplication and pitching bad Shark Tank ideas to someone at MY level, you're worse than the actual oompa loompas thinking they're next in line for the chocolate factory. The last words you will ever personally hear from Shane Constantine are these so read my tired lips:

Jordi, looking increasingly crushed, perks up with the hope that he might still get a nugget from Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Wait til everyone leaves, then  
clean up the condoms. There are  
trash bags under the table.

Shane slides the doors open, super annoyed, then closes them dramatically.

Jordi looks devastated. We breathe in this awful moment with him. Dreams, gone. Taskrabbit, pointless. Confidence, eviscerated.

Ari is elated that Jordi is crushed. She lets out a stupid laugh then burps.

12

INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

12

Dani, crashing again, tries to summon additional drops of mocha from her now empty cup. Foiled.

Alli is trying to close up the coffeeshop. She doesn't know how to give the gang the boot.

Meanwhile, Carter assesses Dani's murderboard diagram.

CARTER

So, what have we got here?

DANI

Well, Nigel in the Virgin Islands admitted that he's working directly for Client Zero, but he wouldn't reveal who it is. All I could get was the client's IP address from a redacted email I was forwarded.

PRIUS

Oh I can work with that. Lemme see the IP address.

Dani slides her laptop into Prius's reach. Prius looks at the screen, types a few things.

PRIUS (CONT'D)

Voila!

(then)

Huh. Your client is in Chicago.

She pushes the laptop screen Dani's way. On it is a Map with a pin in it. Dani scrutinizes it. Then:

DANI

Ho-ly crap-po-la.



PRIUS  
Holy whattah?

Dani grabs her stuff and dashes off, dubstep music pumping.  
She then dashes back to the (now closed up) coffee bar.

DANI  
Alli! I need a mocha to go!

Alli hesitates but Dani looks like a person that can't be  
reasoned with. Alli shrugs and starts turning on machines.

Carter sits down across from Prius. They look at each other  
meaningfully.

CARTER  
So what are we gonna do? We've  
tried everything. We can't get this  
sex tape plan working.

Prius groans. She's really unhappy about this.

PRIUS  
Lemme see the document.

Carter hands the folder to her. Prius opens it and reads.

PRIUS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck Carter?

CARTER  
What?

PRIUS  
You didn't actually read this.

CARTER  
Yes I did read it!

Prius turns the document toward him and stamps a finger on a  
particular paragraph:

CLOSE ON:

Spousal Visa Verification, Part 2-B

[ ] Provide evidence that marriage is consummated

[ ] Provide a shared utility bill

Choose 1 of the above.

PRIUS  
 You skid mark. You didn't get past  
 the word consummate did you?

Carter reads the paper.

CARTER  
 Oh hell yeah. So wait, can you put  
 me on your family plan?

PRIUS  
 Ugh. Fine. Whatever.

Carter raises a fist in the air!

CARTER  
 YES! Now I can text your mom. For  
 free.

PRIUS  
 Do it and prepare to die.

13 OMIT 13

13A INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - COAT ROOM - NIGHT 13A

Jordi, behind the coat check table, pulls a trash bag out of a box of trash bags. The whole roll comes out and rolls onto the ground. Ari kicks it so it unrolls more as Jordi chases it.

While he's bent down behind the table, Dani strides into frame, mocha in hand. She knew exactly where the map pin was.

She walks right past the coat check and into the main room.

14 INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - YOGA ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14

Dani finds Shane, crashed out on a bean bag chair in his silky kimono. He's vaping.

SHANE  
 Dani! You missed the beta test. I  
 didn't realize I'd invited you,  
 but, sweet of you to stop by.  
 You're a better friend than Guzman.  
 Bastard.

DANI  
 What? No. I'm here to talk to you  
 about your blog project.

SHANE

You know Dani, I predicted that you'd come here begging me to set aside our differences so you can write The Manshake Manifesto. And trust me, it's the right choice. This book is going to be epic. Fully loaded. But I've already got someone. Hasta la vista, Dani.

Shane sinks deeper into his bean bag, closes his eyes.

Dani stands there, hesitating for a second. She then chugs some mocha, powers up like Mario, and clears her throat.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Didn't I just dismiss you? Why are you defying me? Who are you?

DANI

I am on coffee now! I won't be contained.

Shane sits up and looks at Dani. Dani defiantly takes a gulp.

DANI (CONT'D)

I'm here to tell you you're being Two Hour Lifehacked, and I've had enough!

SHANE

Color me intrigued.

DANI

Nigel is middlemanning you.

SHANE

How do you know Nigel?

DANI

He OUTSOURCED the job you gave him to someone else. And they outsourced it to someone else, all the way to me.

SHANE

So YOU'RE writing the Manshake chapters, not Nigel.

DANI

Exactly. I'm writing—the Man-what now?

SHANE

The Manshake chapters.

(off no reaction)

The 50 blog posts that will each  
become a chapter of my next book  
The Manshake Manifesto. I called em  
blog posts to get a better price.

Dani shakes her head.

Shane picks a bottle of Manshake up from behind his desk. He  
holds it up to Dani to read the label.

CLOSE ON: "Manshake: Testosterone-Optimizing Protein Drink" -  
Again we see the tagline: "Bigger Muscles, Bigger Loads."

SHANE (CONT'D)

Like I said the other day before  
you and your friends erroneously  
called me a douche cannon, this is  
the next era of my personal brand.  
I had my nerds develop the secret  
formula, and it's going to kick  
Muscle Milk's ballsack. And all the  
other ballsacks.

Dani sighs.

DANI

Look Shane, I need to get off the  
freelance hamster wheel, so I can  
keep writing your book about  
your... protein? But we're cutting  
out Nigel.

SHANE

Consider him Dan Blizerian in that  
movie he paid to be in. Cut.  
Outsourcing my outsourcing. Wanker.

Dani is the only one who gets this irony.

SHANE (CONT'D)

How much was he paying you?

DANI

\$25 a post.

SHANE

Great! \$25 a post it is.

DANI

What? No! I quit my job—

SHANE

Finally.

DANI

So I could control my destiny. But if I have to work 100 hours a week to make ends meet, I may as well go back to Build-A-Book.

SHANE

Oh well don't do that.

DANI

At least I'd get weekends off. I could work on my own book on Sundays. But for \$25 a post  
(shakes her head)  
no way.

SHANE

Dani. I'm the Generalissimo of outsourcing. I can snap my fingers and a hundred minions will come crawling out like sperms, willing to work for nothing more than a few pennies and the dream of fertilizing an egg one day.

DANI

And how's that working out for The Manshake Manifesto?

SHANE

(exhales)  
Bloody Nigel.

DANI

You said it. This book needs to be good. Epic.

SHANE

(through his teeth)  
Fully loaded.

DANI

So pay me what I'm worth, and I'll write you an explosive book. \$500 a chapter. Think about it—this book will launch your new empire. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a bargain.

Dani puts her hand over her fist like in the pilot. Shane clenches his jaw.

SHANE  
Two fifty a chapter.

DANI  
Five hundred. I'm practicing  
lifestyle design right now, Shane.  
I'm writing my own destiny and it  
says twenty-five thousand dollars.

Shane narrows his eyes at her.

SHANE  
You're lucky I'm on molly right  
now.

DANI  
Who's molly?

SHANE  
And I just banged like 16 people.

Dani reaches her hand out for a handshake.

DANI  
Five hundred a post.

SHANE  
(huffs)  
Fine.

Shane reaches out to shake her hand, but puts the bottle of  
Manshake into her hand instead of shaking it.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Here. Call it a signing bonus.  
That's like 8 extra dollars.

Dani has used up all her energy. She accepts the bottle.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Don't be deceived by the name by  
the way. Manshake is great for  
women too. It's a nonbinary,  
genderfluid, fluid. Manshake is  
simply awesome branding.

DANI  
For 25 grand, you can call it  
whatever you want..

SHANE  
TTFN, Dani. I'll be in touch with  
details. And if you see Guzman on  
the way out tell him he's too late!

15

EXT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE, WEST LOOP - NIGHT

15

Dani exits Shane's place. She's trembling. She looks at the bottle of Manshake. What has she done?

She looks up just as Jordi rounds the corner with a trash bag full of condoms.

JORDI

Hey Ari do know where the bins are?  
I went all the way around the  
block.

He suddenly sees Dani.

JORDI (CONT'D)

Dani? Wait. Please tell me you  
weren't in the orgy.

DANI

Definitely not. What are you doing  
here, Jordi?

JORDI

Getting rejected for my dream job,  
and holding a bag of nightmares.

He hoists the awful trash bag.

JORDI (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

DANI

Accepting my nightmare job so I can  
afford to pursue my dreams.

NEMESIS ARI

Someone's nightmare is someone  
else's crushed dream. Sad.

Ugh. Ari saunters away into the night toward whatever troll hole she lives in. Dani and Jordi stand there, both in shock about this night.

JORDI

The world is upside down.

At that exact moment, the garbage bag rips open, spilling its disgusting contents onto the—

SMASH TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.